

## Susan Haynes

# "Drinkin' In My Sunday Dress"

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I can barely feel the sheets with all these crumbs down  
in my bed

Oh no, how can I get to sleep with all this buzzin' in my  
head?

An' who'd have ever thought I'd not complain about a  
mess?

Serves me right, I guess, this is what I get  
For eatin' crackers with my gin an' drinkin' in my  
Sunday dress

Telephone is by the bottle which is always by my bed  
Time to time I give it a rattle to make sure that it's not  
dead

I will wait here for your call till I run out of cigarettes  
I love to play the part of the damsel in distress  
Flickin' ashes in my coffee, drinkin' in my Sunday dress

Well, I've been on the road to this  
An' I've been on the way to this  
But who'd have think it'd come to this?  
Don't let on, you've seen me like this, like this

My old transistor's soundin' just as twangy as a Fender  
My radiator growls like Elvis after Sunday dinner  
I've drained my last tequila and I've thrown away the  
blender  
I've poured out all the wine, from now on nothin' but the  
best  
Cognac an' Patsy Cline while drinkin' in my Sunday  
dress

Well, I've been on the road to this  
An' I've been on the way to this  
I surely ain't a hypocrite  
I've had my fun and now I must confess

Our reverend is a kingly soul, repents 'em on a dime  
His Bible is not inked in gold, he is not the cheatin' kind  
One Sunday after meetin', I was in the greetin' line  
He said, "I've seen you from the altar gulpin' down  
communion wine  
Just remember who's beside you when it's no business

of mine"

I said, "Remember who's beside you when it's no  
business of mine"

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